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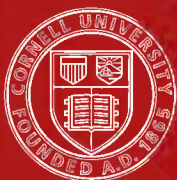


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THE
BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

BY
JONATHAN SWIFT.

EDITED,
With an Introduction and Notes,
BY
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DUBLIN:
WILLIAM MCGEE, 18 NASSAU STREET.
LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, AND CO.

1890.

P R E F A C E .

THE *Battle of the Books* has been appointed by the Examiners of the Royal University of Ireland as part of the Honour Course at the Matriculation Examination. As far as I am aware, no annotated edition exists ; and I experienced considerable difficulty in preparing candidates for the Royal University owing to the absence of such a work. I have therefore ventured to supply the want, and trust that this little book will be useful to those for whom it is intended. In my Notes I have endeavoured to be as concise as possible, only giving derivations where it seemed absolutely necessary. I have to express my thanks to the Rev. Dr. Gwynn for the valuable help he has given me in elucidating some of the most obscure passages in Swift's work.

CHARLES EGERTON.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

May, 1890.

LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin in 1667. He came of a staunch Tory and Royalist family, for his grandfather, who was a clergyman, had fought for King Charles in the Great Rebellion, and indeed had expended all his fortune in defending his principles. This sturdy old Churchman—Thomas Swift by name—married Miss Elizabeth Dryden, of the same family as the poet Dryden, which accounts for the cousinship of Dryden and Swift. Thomas Swift had many sons, but we need only mention two in connection with the present subject. Of these the first is Godwin Swift, who came over to Ireland to practise as a barrister, and who ere long amassed a considerable fortune. The other is Jonathan Swift (father of Dean Swift), who also sought his fortune in Ireland—less successfully, however, than his brother, for he died in poor circumstances, leaving his widow dependent on the bounty of Godwin. Jonathan Swift the younger was not born until after his father's death, and was of course a further tax on the generosity of his uncle. The latter soon began to shorten the allowance made to Mrs. Swift and her son, owing probably to a series of unsuccessful speculations in which he engaged; nevertheless he provided for the

education of young Jonathan by sending him to Kilkenny College. Here the boy remained till the age of fourteen, when he entered Trinity College, Dublin.

Swift's University career seems to have been a very unhappy one, the chief reason of this being the smallness of his allowance, and the grudging manner in which it was dealt him by his uncle, of whom he afterwards spoke with great bitterness. He seems to have studied hard, but not very systematically, as he only obtained his degree "speciali gratia," which implied a deficiency in one or more subjects of his examination. It was necessary at that time for each candidate for the degree of B.A. to sustain a part in a philosophical discussion, and in this Swift appears to have fallen short of the required standard, which explains his sarcastic reference to the debates of Sophisters, contained in the text. The Goddess of Criticism says :—

"By me children grow wiser than their parents ; *by me sophisters debate and conclude upon the depths of knowledge.*" The term "sophister" is applied, in Dublin University, to students during their third and fourth years.

When Swift had taken his B.A. degree, the allowance made him by his uncle ceased altogether, and there being little prospect of advancement in Ireland at this time, owing to the disturbed state of the country, he determined to seek employment in England. Before doing so, he consulted his mother, who had settled in the town of Leicester some years before, and she obtained for him a post as secretary to Sir William Temple, to whose wife she was related.

For some time Swift lived almost exclusively at Temple's country seat, Moor Park* ; he was, however,

* In Surrey, near Farnham.

discontented, as the appointment which he held was a very subordinate one, and he and his patron did not agree very well ; therefore after he had been at Moor Park rather more than a year, he returned to Ireland in order to seek some more congenial employment. In this he failed, and was therefore compelled to re-enter Temple's service.

After many years of fruitless waiting, Swift now determined finally on entering the Church. He had made the acquaintance of King William III. at Moor Park, and is said to have received promises of advancement from that monarch ; but he did not receive any substantial mark of the royal favour. While waiting for a prebend to fall vacant, Swift had a violent quarrel with Temple and left him. Shortly afterwards he was ordained (1694), and went to Ireland as rector of Kilroot, but growing tired of the monotony of the work of his small parish, he soon returned to Moor Park for the third time.

At this time Swift was entrusted with the education of Esther Johnson, then a charming girl of fifteen years of age, over whose after life he was destined to exercise such an influence. Esther was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward ; and on the death of her father, while she was yet an infant, was left dependent on Sir William's bounty. She was kindly treated by Temple, and as we see, her education was carefully looked to. Swift had met her before this at Moor Park, but at a time when she was much too young to profit by his instructions. Now, however, she proved an apt pupil, and her love of learning soon extended to her teacher. Swift—cold and callous though his outward manner seemed—undoubtedly possessed the faculty of gaining the affection of women when he chose ; for not only did the

passion of Stella—as he called Esther Johnson in affectionate familiarity—grow with her growth and strengthen with her strength, but as we shall read afterwards, another of Swift's pupils became violently enamoured of him. For three years did this tuition last, until in 1699, on the death of Temple, Swift returned to Ireland in the capacity of chaplain to the new Lord Justice, Lord Berkely. This, he expected, would lead to some preferment; but he was disappointed, and had to accept the minor livings of Laracor and Rathbeggan, in the county of Meath. Next year (1701) he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. Swift was now, and continued for some time to be, a supporter of the Whigs, into which party he had been drawn by his patron Sir William Temple. In 1701, he threw himself actively into politics, and began his career as a writer of pamphlets by "The Dissensions at Athens and Rome," in which he exhibited the state of the country under feigned titles. By this he gained the friendship of Somers and many other powerful Whig nobles, and received promises of help and patronage from several—indeed he cherished hopes of receiving a bishopric—in which hope, however, he was doomed to be disappointed after many years' waiting.

Stella could not live for long apart from Swift, and therefore she came to Ireland in 1701, and there she spent the remainder of her life, if we except one or two short visits that she paid to England. She was accompanied by her friend Mrs. Dingley, who lived with her always from this time until her death. When Swift was away, she resided at his vicarage; when, however, he returned, Stella removed to lodgings in the neighbourhood.

It was about this time (1708) that Swift wrote his "Predictions for the year 1708," with the object of ridiculing an astrological impostor named Partridge, who was in the habit of publishing an almanac of prophecies at the beginning of each year. Swift, in the assumed character of Isaac Bickerstaff, wrote a series of predictions in the fullest detail. Among these he asserts that he has found out that Partridge will infallibly die on the 29th of March "of a raging fever." Swift's, or rather Bickerstaff's, almanac circulated among the people, who read it eagerly; and on a pamphlet being published shortly after the 29th of March (also by Swift), giving details of Partridge's death, it was received in perfect good faith, and believed implicitly. Partridge, however, who objected to being killed off in this summary manner, protested through the public prints that he was not dead; and, indeed, had some difficulty in persuading the public that he was not. Bickerstaff became so popular when the jest became known, that Steele started his "Tatler" under the name, and Swift aided him with several papers.

In the meantime the Whig party had grown unpopular with the nation. The War of the Spanish Succession, carried on with brilliant success by Marlborough, had at first carried away the nation in a flood of enthusiasm, roused by the victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Oudenarde. But soon the people began to count the cost of their successes, and opposition arose to a contest from which England had little to gain and much to lose. Marlborough, too, by his rapacity and speculation, was gaining many enemies, and his wife, for a long time the chief friend and adviser of Queen Anne, was being supplanted in the royal favour by Abigail Hill, after-

wards known as Mrs. Masham. Anne was a staunch Tory till the end of her life, and was even suspected by some of Jacobite proclivities, which the influence of Mrs. Masham would tend to confirm. In 1710 the trial and condemnation of Sacheverell caused an outburst of popular rage. The Whigs, suspected of favouring the Dissenters, were attacked by the High Church Party, and the people, and even the Sovereign, lent their influence also. The ministers were therefore obliged to resign office.

A new ministry was formed under Harley and St. John, and Swift went over to them. He had been, some years before, the mainstay of the Whigs by his vigorous pamphlets, and his party had unquestionably treated him with ingratitude in leaving him without preferment. It was mere chance that had brought him into contact with the Whig party in the first instance; and had he never been in Temple's service, it is very questionable whether he would ever have joined it. A High Churchman, he, no doubt, was out of touch with a body that owed its origin to Puritans, though, of course, at this period its connection with Puritanism was dissolved. The Whigs, too, were suspected of a desire to curtail the Church endowments—especially in Ireland—and Swift was drawn into the opposite party, therefore, by his pecuniary interests. The traditions of his family were all Tory. His grandfather, as has been mentioned above, adhered to the cause of King Charles all through the hopeless gloom of the Commonwealth period, and it is hardly possible that Swift should not have been influenced by the stories that were current about him.

Again, being an ardent Churchman, he viewed with dislike and suspicion the removal of the disabilities under

which Dissenters laboured—a movement favoured by the Whig Government. Besides this, he had been repulsed in certain demands which he had made on behalf of the Irish Church in respect of grants of money. All these circumstances contributed to drive him over to the Tories; and when Addison resigned his post as Chief Secretary of Ireland, the last tie that bound him to the Whigs was broken. Henceforth he followed the Tory party, and aided it with all the wit and eloquence of which he was master.

But though the Whigs had fallen, they were still formidable, and, the Tory party being divided into the Jacobites and those who wished to preserve the Constitution as arranged by the Act of Settlement, there was considerable opposition to be feared by the Government, of which Harley soon became the acknowledged chief. Swift used all the influence of his ready pen to support Harley's administration, and in the *Examiner* defended the Government with the greatest ability. He ruthlessly held up to public scorn all the weak points of the late Ministry, and inveighed in unmeasured terms against the war policy which they had followed. The cry for peace was raised by him in his pamphlet, "On the Conduct of the Allies," in which he attacked Marlborough, whose arrogance was destined soon to lead to his downfall. This happened in 1711, when the Tories, freed from a most dangerous foe, began to seek an opportunity of bringing the war to an end.

It would appear that services so eminent as those of Swift could not be left unrewarded; but the man to whom the Tory party owed its very life was allowed to linger on in hopes of reward—put off with compliments and promises. But the Government had no ordinary man to

deal with, and Swift soon gave them to understand that unless he received some adequate return for his support, he would withdraw it. This meant, if not actual ruin to the Tory party, at least a very serious loss, for no writer on either side was able to vie with Swift in trenchant power of satire, which, over and over again, had caused the Whig leaders to writhe in impotent rage. It is probable that Harley would have furthered Swift's wishes for preferment; but the latter had lost the Queen's goodwill by an ill-advised attack on the Duchess of Somerset, who was at this time a high favourite at Court. This attack was contained in a few lines, called "The Windsor Prophecy," and the accusations in the poem were such that no woman could forgive. High dignitaries of the Church, too, used their influence against him on account of the profanity of his "Tale of a Tub" (1704), which, though published anonymously, was known to have emanated from his hands. Still, Swift's claims could no longer be disregarded, and he was at length offered the Deanery of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin, which he accepted (1713). But the Government were unable to do without his support, and he was recalled to England for long periods in order to help with his advice in the critical questions of the times.

The war had been brought to an end by the Treaty of Utrecht; but a storm of unpopularity was roused by its terms. The Whigs, of course, were loudest in their outcry; and it was to stem this torrent of opposition that Swift was called upon. Steele had attacked the Government, and Swift replied in a pamphlet, entitled, "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

After this visit to England, Swift withdrew for a time from political controversy, and returned to his duties in

Ireland. This was in 1714. During his many prolonged visits to England, he had become acquainted with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, whose daughter Hester soon began to admire Swift's great intellectual power. As in the case of Stella, this admiration became a most violent passion, and when Swift came to Ireland, he was followed by letters couched in terms of the greatest devotion. He seems to have replied to these with more or less affection, instead of endeavouring at once to put an end to the correspondence. Such a step would have been very difficult and painful, for he had been insensibly drawn into sharing all his hopes and plans with Vanessa (as he christened Miss Vanhomrigh), and she had established a claim on his regard by her warm sympathy. Mr. Henry Craik, in his "Life of Swift," distinguishes between Swift's passion for Stella and that for Vanessa. "The former," he says, "was a deep and lasting love, and was irrespective of other considerations." His feeling for Vanessa was quite different, and had been roused by the girl's ingenuous admiration, and the lively interest which she took in all his plans. Stella never seems to have sought to share Swift's confidence in business matters. Vanessa's whole influence was to a large extent based on this foundation. We can easily understand what a struggle Swift must have undergone to put an end to the embarrassing letters which Vanessa now began to write him, and how difficult he must have found it to explain to her his position with regard to Stella. At all events, he found it impossible to offer her this explanation; and at length Vanessa came over to Ireland in order to be near him, and settled near Celbridge. Here Swift visited her very seldom, lest scandal should be aroused; but the correspondence con-

tinued, and Swift celebrated the intercourse between them in a poem, "Cadenus and Vanessa," in which he describes the growth of their friendship. Matters continued thus for some time, until Vanessa, tortured by uncertainty as to Swift's relations with Stella, wrote to the latter on the subject. Stella gave the letter to Swift, who immediately sought out the writer, threw down the letter before her without a word, and left her for ever. Vanessa's death soon followed this rupture, and there is not the least doubt that it was caused by the agony of grief which followed Swift's cruel conduct.

The relationship between Swift and Stella is shrouded in a mystery which will never be cleared up. That they loved each other tenderly can admit of no doubt, and some writers (among them, Mr. Henry Craik) go so far as to say that they were secretly married. It is certain, however, that the greatest precautions were taken to prevent such marriage, if it ever took place, from being known. Swift never saw Stella but in the presence of a third person, and sedulously avoided giving any occasion for public gossip to trifle with their names. Even after her death, he did not disclose the marriage, though there can be no doubt that Stella's loss drove him to the verge of distraction, as we read in his journal. To discuss this question fully is, of course, impossible in a short memoir like the present.

In 1723, it was proposed to issue in Ireland a large quantity of copper coins. These bore the name of Wood's Halfpence, from the name of the patentee to whom the coinage was entrusted, and were much below their alleged value. Swift was furious at the idea of flooding the country with base coin, and strained every nerve to excite the public anger against the proposed

issue. He published six letters, signed "M. B. Drapier," in which he warned the Nation against accepting the coins; and so eloquently did he oppose them, that Wood's patent had to be cancelled. Harding, the printer of the letters, was imprisoned; but Swift escaped, notwithstanding the fact that his identity with the "Drapier," though not avowed by him, was well known. This raised him to the pinnacle of popularity for a time, and wherever he went in Dublin, he was surrounded by a shouting crowd of admirers, to his intense disgust.

Soon after the publication of the "Drapier's Letters," Swift returned to England, longing for the congenial society of literary men. Among the circle of his friends he counted Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and many other writers of eminence. A club had been formed, called the Scriblerus Club, all of whose members contributed to a Miscellany, which soon became celebrated. The object of the papers was to ridicule faults that were prevalent in the writers of the age. Of the Scriblerus Club Swift was a valued member, and contributed many papers to the Miscellanies. It was during this visit to England that he finished "Gulliver's Travels." This is undoubtedly Swift's greatest work, and exhibits the progress of the fierce misanthropy which embittered his later years. The first part of the book—The Voyage to Lilliput—is merely a good-humoured satire on the party quarrels of the day. In the second part—The Voyage to Brobdingnag, the land of giants—Swift begins to show his dislike of his fellow-men; and in the last part—The Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms—he gives vent to the fierce passion of hatred which then animated him, of which the following will serve as a specimen:—

"My reconciliation to the Yahoo [*i.e.*, human] kind

in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only which nature hath entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like : this is all according to the due course of things. But when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with *pride*, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience ; neither shall I ever be able to comprehend how such an animal and such a vice could tally together."

Swift now suffered a terrible blow in the death of Stella. Under the cold exterior Swift bore a nature red-hot with suppressed passion, which was all the fiercer on account of its being suppressed, and which avenged itself on him ultimately by depriving him of reason. The death of Stella left him in a terrible state of loneliness ; for though he had many and trusty friends, yet nothing could compensate for the loss of her he had loved so long. Possibly, too, his conscience may have whispered that he had not done all in his power to make her happy. His diary still survives ; written on the night when she whom he had fondly christened his star was taken from him ; written to preserve with tender care all the recollections of her that thronged into his brain on that terrible evening. Few situations more pathetic have been invented by the poet or novelist than that of Swift seated before his diary, striving to realize all that he had lost.

Stella died in 1728. The rest of Swift's life was spent in Ireland, chiefly in Dublin. From his youth he had

been troubled with fits of giddiness, which, he feared, proceeded from some disease of his brain. One of his near kinsmen had died mad, and he feared that the same dark shadow was overhanging him, and needed but time to descend upon him. He felt his mental powers grow gradually weaker, till at length the dreaded moment came, and he became imbecile. His powerful intellect, once so pregnant with keen satire, refused to act. He shunned the company of his former friends, whom he no longer recognised; and to fill to the brim his cup of agony, he was partly conscious of the terrible state into which he had fallen. An abscess which formed in his eye caused him horrible tortures; and when death came, wished for years before, when he stood by the bedside of Stella, and knew that she was gone from him, it was a merciful release.

Of Swift's works we may here say a little. "The Tale of a Tub" and the "Battle of the Books," both published in 1704, are among his earliest. The former work is an allegory in which the history of the Romish, Calvinistic, and Lutheran Churches are represented under the guise of the adventures of three brothers, Peter, Jack, and Martin. Swift's other great prose narrative is "Gulliver's Travels" (1726). As a writer of pamphlets, he stands in the highest rank, and his diatribe on the "Conduct of the Allies (1714), and the "Drapier's Letters," are, perhaps the best of this class. Of Swift's irony the best examples are his "Argument against Abolishing Christianity;" his "Directions to Servants;" and his "Modest Proposal for preventing the Children of the Poor from becoming a Burden," which was to utilize them as *food*! As a poet Swift never rose to any

eminence; and Dryden's prophecy* as to his failure in this branch of literature came true. His verse is often interesting, however, from a personal point of view, as in the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," which gives an insight into his relations with Hester Vanhomrigh. The "Legion Club," a satire on the Irish Parliament, and the verses written on the "Death of Dr. Swift," in which he describes the reception by his various friends of the news of his death, are the most interesting of his other poems.

Swift died in 1745, and was buried by the side of Stella in the Cathedral of St. Patrick.

* "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet."

THE
BOYLE AND BENTLEY CONTROVERSY.

For the following account of the Boyle and Bentley Controversy, I am chiefly indebted to Dr. Jebb's Bentley ("English Men of Letters" Series).

In order to understand this literary quarrel, it will be necessary to trace it back to its origin. In 1688, Fontenelle, in a short discourse, expressed doubts concerning the previously unquestioned superiority of the Ancients in Literature and Art. In this he was supported by Perrault and other writers; but a theory so much at variance with received opinions could not fail to arouse much antagonism, and accordingly Boileau espoused the cause of the Ancients.

The dispute was carried on with great warmth on both sides, and soon found its way to England. In 1692 Sir William Temple published an "Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning," in which he maintained that the Ancients excelled the Moderns not merely in matters of Literature and Art, but in scientific matters also, and that the latter owed all their knowledge to the former. In support of this assertion, he says of the Ancients:—"The oldest books we have are still in their kind the best. The two most ancient that I know of in prose, among those we call profane authors, are 'Æsop's Fables' and 'Phalaris's Epistles,' both living near the same time, which was that of Cyrus and Pythagoras. As the first has been agreed by all ages since for the greatest master in his kind, and all others of that sort have been but imitations of his original, so I think the Epistles of Phalaris to have more race, more spirit, more

force of wit and genius, than any others I have ever seen, either ancient or modern. I know several learned men (or that usually pass for such, under the name of critics) have not esteemed them genuine; and Politian, with some others, have attributed them to Lucian; but I think he must have little skill in painting that cannot find out this to be an original. . . . I esteem Lucian to have been no more capable of writing than of acting what Phalaris did. In all one writ you find the scholar or the sophist; in all the other, the tyrant and the commander."

Commendation from a man of such consideration as Sir William Temple at once aroused great public interest in the Letters of Phalaris, and preparations were made to publish an Edition of the Epistles. The Honourable Charles Boyle, a brother of the Earl of Orrery, and at this time only seventeen years of age, was chosen to edit the work, as he was one of the most promising scholars of his College (Christ Church, Oxford). But though the book was published in his name, he was assisted by several scholars of eminence.

Now there existed at this time in the Royal Library at St. James's a manuscript of the Epistles of Phalaris. Wishing to consult it, Boyle wrote to his bookseller, Mr. Thomas Bennet, requesting him to get the manuscript collated; and after delaying some time, Bennet applied to Bentley, who was then the Librarian at St. James's, and who promised to "help Mr. Boyle to the book."

It appears that Bennet did not apply for the manuscript immediately after Boyle had written to him, and to screen himself, he blamed Bentley for the delay. However, in May, 1694, the manuscript was handed over for collation, Bentley telling Bennet that he would

require it again shortly, as he was going out of town, and could not permit it to remain out of its place in the Library during his absence. Gibson, the collator, had it in his possession for some days (at least five or six). Bentley purposed leaving London for a period of two months on a Monday towards the end of May, and on the Saturday before his departure, he called on Bennet about noon, and asked him for the manuscript. The latter sent to Gibson, who answered that he had not finished the collation. Bennet then asked for the loan of the manuscript until Sunday morning, but Bentley refused this request; giving Gibson permission, however, to retain it until Saturday evening, when it was duly returned. Out of a hundred and forty-eight letters, only forty had been collated.

Ample time had been allowed to collate all the letters, which task would not have occupied more than sixteen hours, whereas the manuscript had been in the hands of the collator for at least five days. But Bennet alleged that sufficient time had not been allowed for the collation, and ascribed this to the hostility of Bentley to the Oxford men. Boyle was evidently annoyed, as appears from his Preface to the Epistles of Phalaris (1695):—

“I have procured a collation as far as letter XL. of a manuscript in the Royal Library. The Librarian, with that courtesy which distinguishes him (*pro singulari sua humanitate*) refused me the further use of it.”

The phrase “*pro singulari sua humanitate*” seems to have attracted the attention of Boyle’s partisans; and in the controversy which followed, the “singular humanity of the King’s Librarian” was made the subject of many satirical allusions.

Although Bentley returned to London long before

Boyle's book was ready, no further application was made for the use of the manuscript. Before the publication of the volume, Bentley saw an early copy, and at once wrote to Boyle explaining matters, in the belief that his explanation would lead to the omission of the objectionable passage. This might have been done without difficulty, as only a few copies of Boyle's book had been printed. Boyle, however, gave Bentley an evasive answer, and the passage was allowed to remain unaltered.

Bentley did not publicly notice this till 1697, when William Wotton was about to publish a second edition of his "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning," which had first appeared in 1694. Bentley had promised to write articles on Phalaris and Æsop, and now Wotton claimed the fulfilment of this promise. In the former of these articles, Bentley defended himself against Boyle's accusation; but not content with this, he proceeded further to write a hostile criticism of Boyle's whole work; and the partisans of the latter replied by a pamphlet entitled, "Dr. Bentley's Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æsop, examined by Charles Boyle, Esq."

In this Boyle points out that he had never asserted the genuineness of the Letters of Phalaris, which Bentley had asserted to be of a much later date than that of their reputed author. Boyle's whole book is written with much wit and vivacity, at which we cannot be surprised; for he was aided in its composition by some of the best men of his college, and counted among his helpers Atterbury and Smalridge. It is written in a style of exquisite raillery, and when published was greeted with a storm of applause. Three editions were

printed and sold in rapid succession, and all society rejoiced at the supposed victory of the elegant man of fashion over the rude pedant, never dreaming but that Bentley was silenced for ever.

Temple soon wrote in praise of Boyle's victory over his opponent, commending the elegance and wit of the former, and reprehending the "foul-mouthed raillery" of "the Doctor and his friends." All Christchurch seems to have contributed at this time to ridicule Bentley, to whom but few friends remained true in this trial.

Bentley now prepared his reply, which was published in the end of 1698. He begins by refuting the personal accusations brought against him by the supporters of Boyle. Having dealt with these, he proceeds to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the supposed letters of Phalaris are spurious, being full of anachronisms and inconsistencies of the most flagrant kind, towns being mentioned that were not built, and books quoted that were not written till after the time of the real Phalaris.

"Hallam characterizes the style of the Dissertation as 'rapid, concise, amusing, and superior to Boyle in that which he chiefly had to boast, a sarcastic wit.' It may be questioned how far 'wit,' in its special modern sense, was a distinguishing trait on either side of this controversy. The chief weapons of the Boyle alliance were derision and invective. Bentley's sarcasm is always powerful and often keen; but the finer quality of wit, though seen in some touches, can hardly be said to pervade the dissertation. As to the humour, that is unquestionable. There is, so far, an unconscious element in it, that its effect on the reader is partly due

to Bentley's tremendous and unflagging earnestness in heaping up one absurdity upon another."*

Almost simultaneously with Bentley's "Dissertation," there appeared "A short account of Dr. Bentley's Humanity and Justice," accusing Bentley of having plundered some papers left unpublished by Thomas Stanley on his death; and giving Bennet's account of Bentley's behaviour to Boyle in reference to the Phalaris MS. Shortly afterwards, an anonymous defence of Bentley was published in reply to the "Short Account," and is supposed to have been written by Solomon Whately, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.

Swift's "Battle of the Books" was commenced in 1697 at Sir W. Temple's country seat, Moor Park. It is said to have been suggested by a French satire—"Histoire poétique de la guerre nouvellement déclarée entre les Anciens et les Modernes"—ascribed by Scott to Courtray, but since ascertained by Mr. H. M. Craik to be the work of François de Callières. Swift, however, protests his ignorance of the French work, the following account of which I quote from Mr. Craik's "Life of Swift":—

"Starting from Perrault's poem, 'Le Siècle de Louis le Grand,' which is read before the assembled judges, and becomes the subject of dispute, de Callières' book proceeds with the stock machinery of the double peaks of Parnassus, the marshalling of the opposing forces, the watering of the steeds at Hippocrene, the intervention of La Renommée, much as Swift introduces Fame. The Ancients have the greater unanimity as to their commander, which Swift, like their other defenders,

* Professor Jebb's *Bentley*.]

claimed for them; and, like de Callières, Swift uses the simile of auxiliary forces for the modern champions of antiquity. But when we have said this, we have exhausted all possible points of comparison. The piece was not only unborrowed; it was diametrically opposed to de Callières' poor contribution to the stock dispute, which begins, as it ends, with the commonplaces of critical compromise. The 'Battle of the Books' strikes an entirely different chord. Its object is satire, not criticism."

The "Battle of the Books," though written in 1697, was at first only circulated in private, and was not printed until 1704, when it appeared with the "Tale of a Tub." Swift in writing had probably no real interest in the controversy, but merely wished to please his patron, Temple, who was so ardent a supporter of the Ancients.

For further particulars as to the Boyle and Bentley controversy, I must refer the reader to Professor Jebb's "Bentley" (Macmillan & Co.), in which there is a detailed account of this celebrated literary quarrel.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.



THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THIS discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time, with "The Tale of a Tub;" I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B.D., with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, 10 highly commended. In that appendix the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle, now Earl of Orrery, to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the Doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us that the BOOKS in St. 20 James's Library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the

injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons what is here meant only of books, in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name ; but only certain sheets of paper bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said
10 poet ; and so of the rest.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own: which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But, if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke; for anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts 10 feeble and impotent.

There is a brain that will endure but one scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters, because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit without knowledge being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but once scummed away, what 20 appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs. ↴

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT
OF THE
Battle fought last Friday
BETWEEN THE
ANCIENT AND THE MODERN BOOKS
IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY.

WHOEVER examines, with due circumspection, into the annual records of time, will find it remarked that War is the child of Pride, and Pride the daughter of Riches—the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter; for Pride is nearly related to Beggary and Want, either by father or mother, and sometimes by both: and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs, which in its original seems to be an institution of the many, that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them when it happens for one great

bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any of their females. For the right of possession lying in common (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case), jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is
10 reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen, till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the rest seizes and enjoys the prize : upon which naturally arises plenty of heartburning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each ; and that poverty or want, in some degree or other (whether real or in opinion, which
20 makes no alteration in the case), has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms, and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at ; for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of
30 either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbour-

hood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus ; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time out of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants, called the Ancients ; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the Ancients, complaining of a great nuisance ; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the east ; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the Ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summity, which the Moderns would graciously surrender to them, and advance into their place ; or else the said Ancients will give leave to the Moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the Ancients made answer, how little they expected such a message as this from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender was a language they did not understand. That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the Moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help ; but desired them to consider whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it if they did or did not know how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts, without any damage to itself. That they would

therefore advise the Moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill than dream of pulling down that of the Ancients; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the Moderns with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but, on the other, by the
10 greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must be here understood, that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned, which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence, as if it were an engagement of porcupines. This malignant liquor was compounded, by the engineer
20 who invented it, of two ingredients, which are gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom to suit in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war), so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do, on both sides, hang out their
30 trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them

up. They are known to the world under several names; as disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up all in public places, either by themselves or their representatives, for passengers to gaze at; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

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* In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior while he is alive; and after his death his soul transmigrates thither to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion; but I believe it is with libraries as with other cœmeteries, where some philosophers affirm that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted and turns to dust or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms 20 have seized upon it—which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later—and therefore, books of controversy being, of all others, haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest, and for fear of a mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this: When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodgings 30 appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled than he went to visit his master Aristotle, and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and

turn him out from his ancient station among the divines, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead; but, to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all polemics of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved if a new species of controversial books had not arisen of late years, instinct
10 with a more malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned between the learned about the higher summit of Parnassus.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken; and therefore I advised that the champions of each side should be coupled together, or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their
20 malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the Ancient and Modern Books in the King's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in everybody's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars, I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither
30 party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the regal library, a person of great

valour, ^{shot at Boyle on Pentecost} but chiefly renowned for his humanity, had been a fierce champion for the Moderns, and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed with his own hands to knock down two of the ancient chiefs who guarded a small pass on the superior rock, but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight and tendency towards his centre, a quality to which those of the Modern party are extremely subject; for, being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount, but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the Ancients, which he resolved to gratify by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when, at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the Ancients was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened, upon the least displeasure, to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library, for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of Moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallowed them fresh and fasting, whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt

to mistake and clap Descartes next to Aristotle ; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters, and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side and Wither on the other.

Meanwhile, those books that were advocates for the Moderns, chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces, in all, five thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries ; whereof the foot were in general but sorrily armed and worse clad ; their horses large, but extremely out of case and heart ; however, some few, by trading among the Ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high ; hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary Ancient squeezed up among a whole shelf of Moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason that the priority was due to them from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and, above all, their great merits toward the Moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very much to wonder how the Ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the Moderns were much the more ancient of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the Ancients, they renounced them all. "It is true," said they, "we are informed some few of our party have been so mean to borrow their subsistence from you, but the rest, infinitely the greater number (and especially we French

and English), were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sewing." Plato was by chance up on the next shelf, and observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago, their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath, he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, 10 by —, he believed them.

Now, the Moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel, by setting first on foot the dispute of precedence, talked so loud of coming to a battle that Sir William Temple happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the Ancients, who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive; upon which, several of the 20 Moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the Ancients, was, of all the Moderns, their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis when a material accident fell out. For upon the highest corner of a large window, there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, 30 like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification.

After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below ; when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken
10 pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went, where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel ; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his
20 subjects whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end ; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst.
30 At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he ; "is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here ; could

not you look before you, and be d—d? Do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after you?" "Good words, friend," said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll: "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you manners." "I 10 pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all towards the repair of your house. "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest, and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into 20 the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his mind against all convictions.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings 30 and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily

as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence
10 would never have bestowed on me two such gifts without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden, but whatever I collect thence enriches myself without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woeful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and
20 I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your
30 inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this: whether is the

nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding, and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books, in arms below, stood silent a while, waiting in suspense 10 what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined: for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply, and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half 20 of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of Moderns. Where, soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a Modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the Ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure, and, when it was ended, swore in the loudest key that in all 30 his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other as that in the window and this upon the shelves. "The disputants," said he, "have

admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel, then to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them, and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the Moderns and us. For pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider
10 in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of you, his brethren, and himself, with many |boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate retained by us, the Ancients, thinks fit to answer, that, if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the Moderns by what they have produced,
20 you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet, if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains), the edifice will conclude at last in a 'cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the Moderns may pretend to, I cannot
30 |recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spiders' poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us, the

Ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our wings and our voice : that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature ; the difference is, that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax ; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light." } ex
lib
cre

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult arisen among the books upon the close of this long descant of Æsop ; both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farther part of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The Moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders ; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. 10
The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux. ^{Boileau}
There came the bowmen under their valiant leaders, Descartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes ; whose strength was such that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into meteors ; or, like the cannon-ball, into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stinkpot-flingers 20
from the snowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of Harvey, their great aga : part armed with

scythes, the weapons of death ; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison ; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder, which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Vergil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The rest was a confused multitude, led by Scotus, 10 Aquinas, and Bellarmine ; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline. In the last place came infinite swarms of calones, a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange ; rogues and ragamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder ; all without coats to cover them.

*6. Great
accuracy
stump*
The army of the Ancients was much fewer in number ; Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse ; Euclid was chief engineer ; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen ; Herodotus and Livy the foot ; Hippocrates, the dragoons ; the allies, led by Vossius and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below ; for among the gods she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the Milky Way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening 30 them ; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the Moderns, made

an excellent speech in their favour, which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the Ancients. The assembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the Book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt, the covers of celestial turkey leather, and the paper such as here on earth might pass almost for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book. 10

Without the doors of this assembly there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter; these are his ministering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe; and yet in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest 20 step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a large hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men accidents or events; but the gods call them second causes. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and consulting a few minutes, entered unseen, and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Meanwhile Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy which bore no very good face 30 to his children the Moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus

found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age ; at her left Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat ; her head, and ears, and voice resembled those of an ass ; her teeth fallen out before, her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself ; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall ; her spleen was so large as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate ; nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking ; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. "Goddess," said Momus, "can you sit idly here while our devout worshippers, the Moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies ? who then hereafter will ever sacrifice or build altars to our divinities ? Haste, therefore, to the British Isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction ; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus, having thus delivered himself, stayed not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form on such occasions, began a soliloquy : "It is I" (said she) "who give wisdom to infants and idiots ; by me children grow wiser than their parents, by me beaux become poli-

ticians, and schoolboys judges of philosophy; by me sophisters debate and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffee-house wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart Ancients dare to oppose me? 10
 But come, my aged parent, and you, my children dear, and thou, my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout Moderns, who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, ^{100 victims, great slaughter} as I perceive by that grateful smell which from thence reaches my nostrils."

The goddess and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places; till at length she arrived at her beloved island of 20
 Britain; but in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-garden! and now she reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosos, she stayed awhile to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill 30
 her thoughts and move in her breast: for at the head of a troop of Modern bowmen she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton, to whom the fates had assigned a very

short thread. Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass: her
10 body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters: her head, and voice, and spleen kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of skin did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the Moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. "Brave Wotton," said the goddess, "why do our
20 troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour and opportunity of the day? away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately." Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half-overturnd his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in all encounters.
30 Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make

a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens, which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess, that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle! Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave Ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold

Hic pauca 10

.
 They bore the wounded aga on their shields to his chariot
Desunt
nonnulla

desunt

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant Modern, and went whizzing over his head; but Descartes it hit; the steel point quickly found a defect in his head-piece; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bow-man round till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own vortex

Ingens hiatus
hic in MS.

. when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first and whom he slew last! First, Gondibert advanced against him, clad in heavy armour,

*also
 felt
 in*

and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed as his docility in kneeling whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas that he would never leave the field till he had spoiled Homer of his armour : madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength ! Him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long spear he slew Denham, a stout Modern, who from
10 his father's side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race. He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star ; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Sam Wesley with a kick of his horse's heel ; he took Perrault by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle, with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse Virgil appeared, in shining armour, completely fitted to his body ; he was
20 mounted on a dapple-grey steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour, when behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons ; but his speed was less than his noise ; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had
30 now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and, lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden.

The brave Ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together; for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the penthouse of a modern periwig; and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good Ancient; called him father, and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes), though his was of gold and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the Modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount.

Alter hiatus 20

in MS.

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore, a famous Modern (but one of the mercenaries), strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen and turned off the point. "Brave Modern," said Lucan, "I perceive some god protects you, for never did my arm so deceive me before; but what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore, let us fight no longer,

but present gifts to each other." Lucan then bestowed on the Modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle.

Pauca desunt.

Creech; but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued
 10 the image, threatening aloud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father, Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew——, and——and Oldham, and—— and Afra' the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light-horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce Ancient, imitating his address, his pace, and
 20 career, as well as the vigour of his horse and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went, by an unerring
 30 hand, singing through the air; nor could the Modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus. And now both heroes drew their swords; but the
 | Modern was so aghast and disordered that he knew not

where he was ; his shield dropped from his hands thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape. At last he turned, and lifting up his hands in the posture of a suppliant, "Godlike Pindar," said he, "spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, beside the ransom which my friends will give when they hear I am alive and your prisoner." "Dog!" said Pindar, "let your ransom stay with your friends ; but your carcass shall be left for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field." With that he raised his sword, and, with a mighty stroke, 10 cleft the wretched Modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow ; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses' feet ; the other half was borne by the frightened steed through the field. This Venus took, washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth ; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and, being gilded before, continued gilded still ; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot. 20

Hiatus valde descendus in MS.

THE EPISODE OF BENTLEY AND WOTTON.

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the Moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth, from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the Moderns ; tall, but without shape or comeliness ; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was 30

patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces, and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain, so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality, of most malignant nature, was
10 seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the Modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things, who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and humped shoulder, which his boot and armour, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent
20 of railing, which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but, at other times, did more mischief than good; for, at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with everybody's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the Modern generals to understand that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues,
30 and fools, and confounded logger-heads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that, if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs, the Ancients, would long before this have been beaten

out of the field. "You," said he, "sit here idle, but when I or any other valiant Modern kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe till you all swear to me that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess." Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger, bestowing him a sour look, "Miscreant prater!" said he, "eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature; thy learning makes thee more barbarous; thy study of humanity more inhuman; thy converse among poets more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly be thy own; though I hope that vile carcase will first become a prey to kites and worms."

Bentley durst not reply, but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton, resolving by policy or surprise to attempt some neglected quarter of the Ancients' army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived, with fear, toward the enemy's out-guards, looking about, haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greed-

ness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier, they, with tails depressed and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow. Meanwhile the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, 10 if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection, when at a distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold, 20 two heroes of the Ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep. Bentley would fain have despatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast; but then the goddess Affright, interposing, caught the Modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring 30 in his bull. And Æsop dreamed that, as he and the Ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about, trampling and kicking in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized

on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He, in the meantime, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, Helicon. Here he stopped, and, parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stopped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the Modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For, although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all not to draw too deep or far from the spring.

10
20

At the fountain-head Wotton discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the Allies to the Ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton, observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself: O that I could kill this destroyer of our army, what renown should I purchase among the chiefs! but to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what Modern of us dare? for he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow.

30

But, O mother ! if what Fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils. The first part of this prayer the gods granted at the intercession of his mother and of Momus ; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from Fate, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and, brandishing it thrice
10 over his head, darted it with all his might ; the goddess, his mother, at the same time adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went whizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted Ancient, upon which lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him nor heard it fall : and Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader unrevenged ; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess should pollute his fountain, put on
20 the shape of ———, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple : he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant Modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise, he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the moun-
30 tains, or a furious boar ; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise, which Echo,

foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song, he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal. So Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course, when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping Ancients. Boyle observed him well, and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt, 10 rage sparkled in his eyes, and, leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: and, as a woman in a little house that gets a painful livelihood by spinning, if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock! they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign; so Boyle pursued, so flee this pair of friends: finding at length their flight 20 was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast; but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and as this pair of friends compacted, stood close side by side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. 30 Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side, nor stopped or

spent its force till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he with iron skewer pierces the tender sides of both their legs and wings close pinioned to the rib; so was this pair of friends transfix'd, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths: so closely joined that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, 10 beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And now

.
Desunt cætera.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

NOTES.

Page 25, line 20.—*St. James's Library*. The Royal Library at the Palace of St. James's, afterwards presented to the British Museum. The Librarian at this time was Bentley, whose first *Dissertation* was published in 1697. Swift began the *Battle of the Books* in the same year, though it was not published until 1704. A similar mock-heroic had been written in France on the same subject by François de Callières under the title *Histoire Politique de la guerre nouvellement déclarée entre les Anciens et les Modernes*, the heroes being Fontenelle, Perrault, and other French writers who commenced the controversy (see *Introduction*).

Page 29, line 3.—*War is the child of pride*. "Riches produce pride; pride is war's ground." Wing's Sheet Almanac (*Hawkesworth*).

Page 31, line 2.—*Two tops of Parnassus*. The form of Mount Parnassus lends itself to Swift's satire.

Cf. Wordsworth—

"That inspiring hill which 'did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide.'"

(*Misc. Sonnets.*)

And Milton—

"The two-topt mount Divine."

(*An Epitaph* recently published by
Mr. H. Morley for the first time).

Page 31, line 10.—*Especially towards the East*. In Sir William Temple's *Essay on Ancient and Modern Languages*, the author develops a theory that all European learning is of Oriental origin.

Page 32, line 24.—*To set up trophies on both sides.* This often happened in the wars between Greek states. Sometimes when one side had erected a trophy, their opponents would afterwards pull it down. See Thucydides, A 54, 105 ; B 92 ; Θ 24.

Page 33, line 5.—*Their representatives, i.e.,* the title-page of the book exposed as an advertisement.

Page 33, line 15.—*Cœmeteries.* So spelled by Swift, in accordance with the derivation of the word (κοιμάω, I sleep), which originally meant a sleeping-place. Probably Swift wishes to insinuate that the works contained in the Royal Library were somniferous.

Page 33, line 17.—*Brutum hominis.* This theory was held by some of the old philosophers. In a MS. poem recently discovered in the British Museum, and ascribed to Milton by Mr. Henry Morley, occur the following lines :—

“ He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay
Has left some reliques in this Urne
As a pledge of his returne.

These ashes w^{ch} doe here remaine
A vitall tincture still retain
A seminall forme within y^e deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps.”

(*An Epitaph (1647)*, published in a Collection entitled *The King and the Commons*.)

Mr. Morley remarks on this theory: “ The suggestion of revival from dust is directly taken from the old doctrine of Palingenesis, “by which,” says Isaac Disraeli in his chapter on *Dreams at the Dawn of Philosophy*, “ Schott, Kircher, Gaffarel, Borelli, Digby, and the whole of that admirable school, discovered in the ashes of plants their primitive forms, which were again raised up by the force of heat.”

Brutum, materiæ genus. Brut nostri (the *French*) vocant quod arte nondum politum est.—Du Cange’s *Lexicon*.

Brut in French means unshaped, rude, e.g., *pierre brute*, unhewn stone.

Page 33, line 29.—*Scotus.* Johannes Duns Scotus, a Franciscan friar (d. 1308), called by his contemporaries the Subtle Doctor. He taught at the Universities of Oxford and Paris, and entered into a controversy with the followers of Aquinas on the subject of the Immaculate Conception. The last-named school called their adversaries *Dunsers*, whence our word *dunce*. Scotus was one of the schoolmen, and held the metaphysical doctrines of Aristotle.

Page 33, line 32.—*They both concerted to seize Plato, &c.* This refers to the continual controversies between the Aristotelian schoolmen and the Platonists. The former were victorious at the time, but modern theories have superseded to a great extent those of Aristotle.

Page 34, line 5.—*Polemics should be held fast by a chain*, as we would chain up a dangerous lunatic. This idea may have been suggested to Swift by seeing valuable books secured by a chain to their places in some library. At the Reformation all churches were supplied with Bibles chained to the lectern.

Polemics—works of controversy (Gr. *πόλεμος*, war).

Page 34, line 33.—*The Guardian*. Bentley, called afterwards by Swift the Regent.

Page 35, line 1.—*Renowned for his humanity*. See Boyle's Preface to Phalaris—"bibliothecarius pro singulari sua humanitate negavit," &c. Humanity is here used in its original sense of courtesy.

Page 35, line 4.—Two of the Ancient Chiefs. Æsop and Phalaris.

Page 35, line 24. *Learned dust . . . blown into the keeper's eyes, i.e.*, that Bentley had become crazed by reading modern authors.

Page 36, line 1.—Réné Descartes (1596-1650), the father of modern metaphysics. He was educated by the Jesuits of the College of La Flèche, which he left at the age of sixteen. The next sixteen years of his life he spent in foreign travel, sometimes campaigning with the French army, which he accompanied for some time as a volunteer, sometimes urged from place to place by a thirst for knowledge, and a naturally restless disposition. At the age of thirty-two he determined to devote himself solely to philosophy, and retiring to Holland, he produced his celebrated *Discours de la Méthode*, by which he designed to overthrow all previous systems of philosophy. His method was to take nothing for granted, and, where possible, to divest himself of all notions acquired by reading, &c., lest they should contain errors. After the publication of his *Discours*, Descartes returned to France, but, driven away by the political disturbances of the Fronde, he returned to Sweden in 1649, where he died. Descartes shook the Aristotelian philosophy to its foundation; hence the error of "clapping" him "next to Aristotle."

Page 36, line 2.—Hobbes (1588-1679), a modern philosopher, one of whose theories was that men were naturally wicked, and selfishness was the ultimate source of all their actions. His great work the *Leviathan* embodies this view. He says, for instance—

“Men are apt to weep that prosecute revenge, when the revenge is suddenly stopped or frustrated by the repentance of their adversary; and such, too, are tears of reconciliation.” This would, of course, render him an uncongenial companion to Plato.

Page 36, line 2.—*The Seven Wise Masters*. In Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, the explanation of this is as follows:—“A Roman prince was placed under the charge of seven wise instructors; when he grew to man's estate, his step-mother made improper advances to him, and, being refused, accused him to the king of offering her violence. By consulting the stars the prince found out that his life was in danger, but that the crisis would be passed without injury if he remained silent for seven days. The wise masters, each in turn, tell the king a tale to illustrate the evils of inconsiderate punishments, and the king resolves to relent; but the queen at night prevails upon him to carry out his sentence. The seven days having passed, the prince also tells a tale which embodies the whole truth, whereupon the king sentences the queen to lose her life. This collection of Tales, called ‘Sandabar's Parables,’ is very ancient.”

Page 36, line 3.—*Dryden* was the author of a well-known translation of Virgil.

Page 36, line 4.—*Withers* (so spelled by Swift).—George Withers, a lyrical and satirical poet, who published in 1622 a collection of poems entitled *The Mistress of Philarete*. Withers was a Puritan, and was imprisoned for his political writings.

Page 36, line 11.—*Light-armed horse*. Lyrical poets. Probably a reference to the winged-horse, Pegasus, in the well-known classical fable which typifies poetry.

The heavy-armed horse were the epic poets.

The heavy-armed foot and mercenaries were the historians, of whom Swift entertained no very high opinion. For the epithet “foot,” cf. the Latin, *sermo pedestris*.

Out of case, in bad condition.

Page 36, line 15.—*Trading among the Ancients*—copying classical authors.

Page 36, line 28.—*The Moderns were much the more ancient of the two*. “According to the modern paradox” (note by Swift). See Bacon, *Nov. Org.*, Lib. I., aphorism 84. “De antiquitate opinio, quam homines de ipsa fovent, negligens omnino est, et vix verbo congrua, mundi enim senium et grandævitas pro antiquitate vere habenda sunt; quæ temporibus nostris tribui debent, non juniori ætati mundi, qualis apud antiquos fuit. Illa enim ætas respectu nostri, antiqua et major; respectu mundi ipsius nova et minor fuit.” The world is older and more experienced now than in the time of the ancients, ergo, the Moderns are the more ancient.

Page 36, line 32.—*So mean to borrow*—omission of *as* correlative with *so* common in Swift's writings.

Page 36, line 33.—*Especially we French and English*.—The contention arose in France out of the writings of Perrault and Fontenelle, and was transported to England by Temple.

Page 37, line 8.—*Foundered*.—Made lame in the feet by sores (Lat., *fundere*).

Page 37, line 20.—*Several of the Moderns fled over*. Temple and Boyle with their supporters.

Page 37, line 33.—*Modern way of fortification*. One of the advantages of the Moderns over the Ancients urged by the advocates of the former, was their superiority in mathematics and fortification. For the comparison of a spider's web to a fortified place, compare Pope—

“ Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line? ”

Essay on Man, Ep. iii.

Page 38, line 2.—*Constable*. Lat., *comes stabuli* (Master of the horse); Fr., *connétable*, formerly a high military functionary at the English and French courts. Used here somewhat loosely for châtelain.

Page 38, line 4.—*Ports to sally*. Sally-ports are small doors, whence troops may issue unseen, to surprise the enemy.

Page 38, line 11.—*Expatriating*, used in its original sense of walking abroad (Lat., *ex* and *spatior*, I walk abroad). Compare Pope—

“ Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man.”

Essay on Man, Ep. i.

And Milton, in a passage referring to bees, which Swift may have had in his mind—

“ Expatriate and confer
Their state affairs.”

Par. Lost, i., 774.

Page 38, line 14.—*Thrice he endeavoured . . . and thrice the centre shook*. Swift is still burlesquing Milton; *cf.*—

“ Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep burst forth.”

Par. Lost, i.

Centre is also used by Milton for the centre of the earth.

“As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.”

Par. Lost, Book i.

Compare also Virgil—

“Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum
Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago.”

Æneid, vi., 700.

Page 38, line 18.—*Beelzebub with all his legions.* Beelzebub was the god of flies, worshipped by the Philistines.

Page 38, line 22.—*Had acquitted himself of his toils.* Had freed himself from his bonds. “Toil” is from the *Latin*, *tela*, a web (not to be confounded with “toil,” *work*, akin to the verb *till*).

Page 39, line 3.—*Good words.*—A common adjuration in Swift’s time to a man who was becoming abusive; *cf.* Shakspeare:—

“Pauca verba, Sir John; good worts.”

Merry Wives, i., i., 122.

And Terence—

“Bona verba, quæso.”

Page 39, line 5.—*To droll.*—To be facetious, now nearly obsolete as a verb.

Page 39, line 22.—*The true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry.* This was but too often the case in controversy, which descended sometimes to personal abuse, as in the disputation between Milton and Salmasius concerning the execution of Charles I., which soon became most scurrilous.

Page 40, line 31.—*Drone-pipe*, the largest pipe in a bag-pipe. *Drone* (onomatopœia), the non-working bee; *cf.* Gray—

“Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight.”

Elegy.

Page 39, line 9.—The idea of representing ancient poetry by the bee may have been suggested by Horace—

“Ego apis matinx
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum circa nemus.”

Odes, iv., 2.

Page 40, line 19.—*The materials are naught, i.e., are bad.* Naught is now obsolete in the sense in which it is here used; *cf.*—

“The pancakes were naught.”

As You Like It, Act i., Sc. 2.

Page 40, line 33.—*Whether is the nobler being of the two.* *Whether* is, strictly speaking, a pronoun meaning *which of two*, and is connected with “who” (Anglo-Sax., *hwæther*, *hwa*). It is seldom used as a pronoun in modern English.

Page 41, line 2.—*Overweening.* Conceited. To ween (Ger., *wahnen*), meaning to think, is dying out of modern English, being seldom used but in poetic diction.

“Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger’s neck was seen.”

Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Page 41, line 4.—*Fly-bane.* A poison deadly to flies (Anglo-Sax., *bana*, a murderer); *cf.* ratsbane, henbane. Perhaps the word is invented by Swift.

Page 41, line 8.—*Eagerness.* Bitterness (Fr., *aigre*); *cf.*—

“A nipping and an eager air.”

Hamlet, i., 3.

Page 41, line 12.—*The bee grown impatient, for having grown.*

Page 41, line 19.—*A strange effect of the regent’s humanity, who had torn off his tittle-page, and chained him among the Moderns.*—The regent is, of course, Bentley. His “singular humanity” has already been referred to. The passage refers to Bentley’s denial of the genuine antiquity of *Æsop’s Fables* (see *Introduction*).

Page 41, line 23.—*He tried all his arts, and turned himself into a thousand forms.*—As did Proteus in his attempt to escape from the shepherd Aristæus—

“*Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque, horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem.*”

Virgil, *Georgics*, iv., 441.

Page 41, line 32.—*Adapt*, for adapted. Formed on a false analogy with words like “compact,” which is strictly a perfect participle passive, and is so used by many early writers.

“If he compact of jars grow musical.”

As You Like It, ii., 7.

Page 42, line 10.—*His paradoxes*. The ‘great modern paradox,’ according to Swift, is that “the Moderns are the true ancients.” See above.

Page 42, line 27.—*Anything else of genuine*. A classical idiom; cf. Latin phrases, such as *quid pluris*, and Fr., *rien de plus*.

Page 43, line 9. *Sweetness and light*.—It is a remarkable fact that this phrase, now such a watchword in modern criticism, should have its origin in a misanthropic writer like Swift. Matthew Arnold was the first to adopt it.

Page 43, line 11.—*Descant*. Strictly speaking, a song, then a discourse; cf. Milton—

“She [the nightingale] all night long her amorous descant sung.”

Par. Lost, iv., 603.

Page 43, line 16.—*Cabals*—plots, plans (Hebrew, gabbalah, tradition, mysterious doctrine); *not* derived, as stated sometimes, from the initials of the members of Charles II.’s notorious ministry.

Page 43, line 21.—*The horse*, the poets; from Pegasus, the winged horse, typifying poetry.

The heavy-armed horse were the epic poets, the *light-armed* the lyrical writers; the *bowmen* were the metaphysicians, the *dragoons* the medical men—an allusion to their blood-letting propensities, as is seen by the mention of their lances dipped in poison. The *bullets of a malignant nature* were, of course, pills, the *noiseless white powder*, medicine. Those whom Swift satirically styles *mercenaries* are the modern historians. The *engineers* are the mathematical writers. The *confused multitude*, led by Scotus and Bellarmine, refers to the schoolmen and their followers. *Calones* (Lat., camp followers) were the writers of pamphlets and other ephemeral compositions. The absence of coats refers to the unbound form in which their works were published. Note that Swift calls the modern historians mercenaries; the ancient ones he merely refers to as “the foot.”

Page 43, line 24.—*Despréaux*. Nicholas Boileau Despréaux, a French satirical poet (b. 1636, d. 1711), who took the side of the Ancients in the French controversy started by Perrault. Swift has made a slip in not including him with Temple among the “allies” of the Ancients.

Page 43, line 26.—*Gassendi* (fl. 1630) was a writer on physics, astronomy, and metaphysics. He was a disciple of Bacon, and attacked the Cartesian philosophy.

Page 43, line 29.—*Evander* was a king of Arcadia, who fled to Italy, and is mentioned in the *Æneid*. Swift has here written *Evander* by mistake for *Acestes*, who was a Sicilian king, also mentioned by *Virgil*. In an archery contest, a dove is fixed to a mast by a string as a mark for the archers. First, *Hippocoon* hits the mast with his arrow; then, *Mnestheus* cuts the cord with his arrow, and the bird is set free; but before it has time to escape, *Eurytion* transfixes the bird. *Acestes*, seeing that there is no mark left for him to shoot at, draws his arrow to the head, and aims straight upward. The missile ascends, leaving a fiery track in its path, and descends no more to earth.

“*Arsit arundo,
Signavitque viam flammis, tenuesque recessit
Consumta in ventos.*”

Æneid, v., 525.

Page 43, line 30.—*Paracelsus* (d. 1541), a theosophist and empiric, born in Switzerland. He believed that every person possessed an astral body, which survived after death, and was the cause of apparitions and ghostly visitations. *Rhætia* was the ancient name of the country about the Tyrol.

Page 43, line 33.—*Harvey* discovered the circulation of the blood, of which the Ancients were ignorant, and the knowledge of which was one of the points of superiority claimed by the Moderns. *Agá*, a Turkish military officer.

Page 44, line 6.—*Guicciardini*, an Italian who wrote a History of the Civil Wars in France.

Page 44, line 6.—*Polydore Virgil*, an Italian ecclesiastic, born about 1470. He wrote a History of England.

Page 44, line 7.—*Buchanan* (1506-1582), a Scottish scholar, who translated the Psalms into Latin verse, and wrote a History of Scotland.

Mariana—a Spaniard who published in 1599 a treatise on monarchy, entitled *De Rege et Regis Institutione*. He also wrote a History of Spain.

Camden (1551-1623), an annalist, who wrote a *Life of Elizabeth* and a History entitled *Britannia*. He was a friend of Ben Jonson.

Regiomontanus (John Müller of Königsberg), a mathematician and astronomer of the fifteenth century.

Cardinal Bellarmine flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He is chiefly noted as a polemical writer in favour of the Romish Church; and of him Hallam says: “No one had entered the field on that side with more acuteness; no one had displayed more skill in marshalling the various arguments of controversial theology, so as to support each other, and serve the grand purpose of church authority.”

Page 44, line 13.—*L' Etrange (Sir Roger)*, one of the Restoration pamphleteers, who wrote political tracts conceived in the most violent style and in the coarsest language. He projected the *London Gazette*.

Page 44, line 20.—*Vossius (Gerard)*, a German scholar, who wrote several works on philology and classical literature. He was Professor of History at Amsterdam, from 1633 to 1649.

Page 44, line 33.—*Momus*, “the god of pleasantry among the Ancients. He was continually employed in satirizing the gods, and whatever they did was freely turned to ridicule.” He is represented as a patron of the Moderns, inasmuch as they claimed superiority in works of humour. — *vide*

Page 45, line 18.—*A light chain which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe; cf. Homer:—*

“Σειρήν χρυσεῖην ἐξ οὐρανῶθεν κρεμάσαντες
Πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεισθε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θάναται
'Ἄλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἐρύσαιτ' ἐξ οὐρανῶθεν πεδίοιυδε
Ζῆν ὑπατον μήστωρ', οὐδ' εἰ μάλ'α πολλὰ κάμοιτε.”

Iliad, viii., 19.

And Tennyson:—

“For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

Morte d' Arthur.

Page 45, line 24.—*Second causes*. A term in vogue among the schoolmen. The context explains its meaning sufficiently.

Page 45, line 32.—*Criticism*. This description is more or less suggested by the description of Error in the first book of the *Fairy Queene* and by Milton's description of Sin and Death in the second book of *Paradise Lost*. Compare also the description of Spleen in the *Rape of the Lock*.

Page 46, line 6.—*Hoodwinked*, blindfolded. *Cf. Romeo and Juliet*, i., 4, 3:—

“We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf.”

Hoodman-blind was the old name of blind-man's-buff.

Page 46, line 22.—*Who then will hereafter sacrifice or build altars to our divinity? Cf. Virgil:—*

“Et quisquam numen Junonis adoret
Præterea, aut supplex aris imponet honorem.”

Æneid, i., 48.

Page 47, line 2.—*Instinct*, moved, animated. Cf. Wordsworth:—
 “Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark.”

A Morning Exercise.

Page 47, line 18.—*Drawn by tame geese.* A parody of the swans of Venus.

Page 47, line 19.—*Influence.* Originally the power exercised by a star on human destiny. Cf. Milton:—

“Store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence.”

L'Allegro.

Page 47, line 23.—*Gresham and Covent Garden.* The Royal Society met at Gresham College; and Will's Coffee-house, the resort of poets and critics, was situated in Covent Garden.

Page 47, line 25.—*Upon the point to engage, i.e.,* of engaging; note construction.

Page 47, line 27.—*Desert* is, strictly speaking, an adjective from the perf. part. of *desero*.

Page 47, line 28.—*Virtuoso*, one skilled in a knowledge of the fine arts, &c.

Page 47, line 33.—*Wotton.* William Wotton, who wrote the treatise on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, the second edition of which played such an important part in the Boyle and Bentley controversy. (See *Introduction*.)

Page 48, line 30.—*She vanished, . . . and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.* So Venus beguiles Æneas when accosting him on the shores of Libya:—

“Dixit; et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
 Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera incessu patuit dea.”

Æneid, i., 402.

Page 49, line 2.—*A hundred mouths, and tongues, and hands, and pens.* Cf. Virgil:—

“Non, mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,
 Ferrea vox.”

Æneid, vi., 625.

And Homer:—

“Οὐδ' εἴ μοι δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι, δέκα δὲ στόματ' εἶεν
 Φωνῆ δ' ἄρρηκτος, χάλκεον δὲ μοι ἦτορ ἐνέη.”

Iliad, ii., 489.

Page 49, line 7.—*Galen*, a celebrated physician in the age of Marcus Aurelius (d. 193 A.D.).

Page 49, line 12.—*The wounded aga*. This evidently refers to Harvey, who is spoken of above as the “aga” of the dragoons. The supposed omission probably refers to a contest between Galen and Harvey, in which the latter is worsted.

Page 49, line 16.—Scott says that Temple in his attack on the Moderns makes no reference to *Newton*, although the *Principia* was published in 1657. Temple also omits to speak of *Bacon*; and Swift in making *Aristotle’s* spear miss him does him but scant justice. The result of the battle was very different from what Swift represents it to have been, for Bacon’s philosophy superseded the Aristotelian in a great measure.

Page 49, line 23.—*Death like a star of superior influence drew him into his own vortex*. *Influence* here is used in its astrological sense, explained above. The Cartesians imagined all space to be pervaded with a subtle ether moving in vortices; and to these vortices they ascribed the motions of the planets. Swift refers to this theory also in the “Tale of a Tub” :—

“Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his own romantic system, wrapped and drawn within his own vortex.”

Page 49, line 33.—*Gondibert* was the hero of a poem written by Sir William Davenant in the time of the Commonwealth. It is in heroic quatrains (the same metre as Gray’s *Elegy*), and the style is pompous and stilted. Swift mounts Gondibert on a “staid, sober gelding,” because the march of the verse is slow and tedious. Homer’s furious horse, which none but him could manage, refers to the fiery rush of his hexameters.

Page 50, line 9.—*Sir John Denham* (1615-1668) was a writer of correct and smooth verse, who, however, has only left one poem of great merit, viz., *Cooper’s Hill*. Dr. Johnson praises him as being “the author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.”

Page 50, line 14.—*Samuel Wesley* was a Lincolnshire clergyman, who wrote a *Life of Christ* in verse. He was the father of the celebrated John Wesley.

Page 50, line 15.—Charles Perrault originated the dispute as to the superiority of the Ancients to the Moderns by his poem *Le*

Siècle de Louis le Grand. He was the advocate of the Moderns, and was supported by Fontenelle. Boileau undertook the defence of the Ancients.

Page 50, line 24.—Dryden was attacked by Swift, who is said never to have forgiven a speech of the former. Early in life Swift had written some verses, and on his showing them to Dryden, to whom he was related, they were handed back to him with the remark, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." Gray's lines on Dryden speak of the poet more highly:—

"Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long resounding
pace."

Progress of Poesy.

Page 50, line 31.—*Visor*, or vizard, the front part of a helmet, capable of being thrown back to show the warrior's face.

Page 51, line 4.—*The lady in a lobster.* A formation in the head of a lobster, so called from its supposed resemblance to the form of a woman. An old conundrum compares a lobster to a lover, "because he has a lady in his head."

Page 51, line 6.—*Pent-house* (Fr., *appentis*), a lean-to, or shed, built against the wall of a building. The old form of the word is "pentice." The modern spelling is the result of false analogy.

Page 51, line 15.—*His was of gold, and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron.* Copied from Homer—

"Ἐνθ' αὖτε Γλαύκῳ Κρονίδης φρένας ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς
Ὅς πρὸς Τυδείδην Διομήδεα τεύχε' ἔμειβε
χρύσεια χαλκείων ἑκατόμβοι' ἔννεαβόλων."

Iliad, vi., 234—

where Diomedes and Glaucus exchange armour, though that of the latter was of gold, and that of the former only of brass. Zeus, however, deprives Glaucus of his judgment for the time being, and his armour, worth a hundred beeves, is handed over to Diomedes.

Page 51, line 19.—*Dryden was afraid and unable to mount Virgil's horse; i.e., he could not manage the hexameter, his translation being written in heroic rhymed verse.*

Page 51, line 22.—*Lucan*, a poet of the age of Nero, whose resentment he incurred. Being discovered in a conspiracy against the emperor, he was sentenced to death, but allowed to choose the

manner of his execution. He had his veins opened in a warm bath. His chief poem is the *Pharsalia*, which of all his compositions alone survives.

Page 51, line 25.—Sir Richard Blackmore was a physician who wrote very long and very dull poems. The heaviness of his works became a by-word among his contemporaries. Dryden says that he—

“Writ to the rumbling of his coach’s wheels.”

And Pope speaks of him as follows :—

“But far o’er all sonorous Blackmore’s strain ;
Walls, steeples, skies bray back to him again.
In Totnam fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze !
Long Chanc’ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round ;
Thames wafts it hence to Rufus’ roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.”

Dunciad, ii., 260.

Page 51, line 29.—*Æsculapius* was the physician of the Argonauts ; and such was his skill that he is said to have restored many persons to life. Blackmore, though a very bad poet, was a physician of great skill and eminence ; hence the protection given him by *Æsculapius*, who wards off *Lucan’s* lance.

Page 52, line 1.—*Lucan* bestowed the Modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave *Lucan* a bridle. *Lucan’s* verse is, according to Swift, too fiery, and Blackmore’s too slow. The bridle is to curb the ardour of the former, the spurs to stimulate the sluggishness of the latter.

Page 52, line 6.—*Creech*. A translator of Horace of small merit.

Page 52, line 11.—*Ogleby*. A translator of Homer and Virgil, ridiculed by Pope in the *Dunciad*, i., 141 :—

“Here swells the shelf with Ogleby the great,
Here, stamp’d with arms, Newcastle shines complete.”

Speaking of *Cibber*, Pope mentions his “great forefather, *Ogleby*.” Possibly he may have had in his mind this passage of the *Battle of the Books*.

Page 52, line 12.—*Assigned to his repose*. A very free use of the verb. The phrase means, given up to his repose, *i.e.*, left to go to sleep.

Page 52, line 13.—*Oldham*. A satirical poet of Dryden's school. Hallam says that he "ranks, perhaps, next to Dryden; he is spirited and pointed, but his versification is too negligent, and his subjects temporary."

Page 52, line 14.—*Afra the Amazon* is Mrs. Afra Behn, who lived in the time of the Restoration, and was celebrated for her licentious plays and romances. She is the Camilla of the *Battle of the Books*, which, of course, suggests the epithet, "light of foot." See *Æneid*, xi., 718:—

"Pernicibus ignea plantis
Transit equum cursu"—

where the Amazon Camilla outstrips a horse in speed.

Page 52, line 14.—*Pindar* . . . never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force. This is a reference to the peculiar construction of the Pindaric Odes.

Page 52, line 17.—Cowley aimed at Pindar's style in certain odes, which he termed Pindariques. These poems were, however, not successful. Cowley's reputation as a poet is founded chiefly on his love lyrics, which Swift refers to as a "shield given him by Venus." In early life Swift himself attempted Pindarics, which were a signal failure.

Page 52, line 25.—*So large and weighty that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days, could raise it.* Compare the stone which Diomedes hurls at Æneas, so great that "two men, such as men now are, could not carry it, but he hurled it with ease, unaided."

"ὁ οὐ δύο γ' ἀνδρε φέροιεν,
Οἶοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἰς· ὁ δὲ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος."

Iliad, v., 303.

Page 53, line 2.—The flight of Cowley, and his petition to Pindar, are copied from the 22nd book of the *Iliad*, where Hector flees from Achilles thrice round Troy, and before fighting begs him to restore his body to Priam if he should fall. This Achilles refuses with disdain, saying, "Thee the dogs and birds shall tear in vile fashion" (*Il.*, xxii., 335). For Swift's expression, "the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field," cf. 1 Samuel xvii. 44, where Goliath says to David, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

Page 53, line 11.—*Twain* is from the A.-S., *twogen*, the medial "g" dropping out, as is often the case (cf. *fægen*, *fain*, and *fæger*, *fair*). "Twegen" is the masculine form, and gives us *twain*; the word "two" is from *twa*, the fem. and neut. form of the A.-S. numeral.

Page 53, line 16.—*Amaranth* should be spelled (according to derivation, L., *amarantus*; Gr., ἀμάραντος, unfading) *amarant*.

Page 53, line 17.—*The leather grew round and soft.* We must remember that (as Swift says in his Introduction) when Cowley is spoken of, the *man* Cowley is not meant, but the *book* of Cowley's works. Hence the allusion to the leather binding. The battle is *literally* a battle of the books, although Swift seems to forget this when speaking of Dryden's head in the helmet that was too large for him. See the *Preface of the Bookseller to the Reader*, printed at the commencement of the *Battle of the Books*.

Page 53, line 19.—*It became a dove.*—So Procne is changed into a swallow, Philomela to a nightingale, and Tereus to a hoopoe. *Ovid, Met.*, vi., 9 and 10.

Page 54, line 1.—*Incoherent*, not properly fixed together, or possibly it may mean varying in texture, incongruous.

Page 54, line 2.—*The sound of it was loud and dry.* From Homer—

“κόρυθες δ' ἀμφ' αἶθρον αὔτευν
Βαλλόμεναι μυλάκεσσι, καὶ ἀσπίδες ὀμφαλθεσσαί.”

“On all hands their helmets rang dry.”

Iliad, xii., 160.

Page 54, line 3.—*Etesian wind*, a periodical wind, such as the northerly winds in Greece, which blew for forty days after the rising of the Dog-star (ἔτος, a year).

Page 45, line 9.—*Atramentous*, inky (Lat., *atramentum*, ink).

Page 54, line 15.—*The sum of things.* Compare the Latin—

“Quo res summa loco, Panthu? Quam prendimus arcem.”

Virgil, Æneid, ii., 322.

Page 54, line 16.—The description of Bentley's personal appearance and railing speech is in imitation of Homer's Thersites in the second Book of the *Iliad*. He is represented as skilled in the use of scurrilous language, lame of one foot, and having one shoulder higher than the other. He scoffs at Agamemnon, and is rebuked by Ulysses, much as Bentley is rebuked by Scaliger. Thersites' speech in Homer ends with a reference to holding captured booty, and must have suggested the conclusion of Bentley's speech in the text.

Page 54, line 19.—*The generals kept him for his talent of railing.* A reference to the aid given by Bentley to Wotton in the second edition of the *Dissertation on Ancient and Modern Learning*.

Page 54, line 30.—*Loggerheads*, dunces.

Page 55, line 6.—*Scaliger*, a celebrated scholar, contemporary with Erasmus.

Page 55, line 11.—*Thy study of humanity more inhuman.* Another reference to the Librarian's "singular humanity." (See *Introduction*.) The word "humanity" has still in Scotland its old sense—the "humanities," including Latin, Greek, rhetoric, poetry, and grammatical studies.

Page 55, line 15.—*Finished thee a pedant, i.e.,* made thee a finished pedant.

Page 55, line 28.—*Aldrovandus*, a naturalist of Bologna (d. 1605).

Page 55, line 29.—*On the side of the declining sun, i.e.,* on the west side.

Page 56, line 6.—*Nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage.* Dogs and wolves were supposed to bark at the moon. Cf. *Julius Cæsar* :—

"I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon
Than such a Roman."

Act iv., Sc. iii.

And *As You Like It* :—

"The howling of Irish wolves against the moon."

Act v., Sc. ii.

Page 56, line 18.—*In his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear.* Cf. Gray—

"Amazement in his van, with Flight combined
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind."

The Bard.

Page 56, line 22.—The blow aimed by Bentley at Phalaris was the Dissertation written by the former disproving the authenticity of the so-called Letters of Phalaris, and published with Wotton's *Reflections*.

Page 56, line 29.—*Roaring in his bull.* A brazen bull fashioned by the artist Perillus. Into this was thrust any person whom Phalaris thought objectionable; and then a fire was lighted beneath. The victim was thus roasted to death, the mouth of the bull being so fashioned that the cries of the person within resembled bel-lowings.

Page 56, line 31.—*A wild ass broke loose, and ran about trampling and kicking their faces.* Bentley, in speaking of a mis-translation by Boyle, said: "This puts me in mind of the Greek proverb, 'that Leucon carries one thing, and his ass another'"—which Boyle resented highly, complaining that Bentley had called him an ass.

Page 56, line 33.—*Seized on both their armours.* In mediæval romances, it was not an uncommon thing for a knight to fall asleep in a forest, having previously laid aside his armour, which was of course removed by his enemy, in order that the author of the tale might display his ingenuity in extricating his hero from the difficulty.

Page 57, line 5.—*A fountain, called Helicon.* Helicon is not a fountain, but a mountain. In the poem called *An Epitaph*, portions of which I have quoted above, the same mistake occurs :—

“ Making their tears their Helicon.”

Page 57, line 22.—*One he could not distinguish.* Swift probably refers to himself here ; his attack on Bentley was anonymous.

Page 58, line 4.—*I may return in safety and triumph laden with his spoils. The first part of his prayer the gods granted, but the rest by a perverse wind, &c.*

Cf. Homer—

“ Ἀσκηθῆς μαι ἔπειτα θοῶς ἐπὶ νῆας ἵκοιτο
 Τεύχεσσι τε ξὺν πᾶσι καὶ ἀγχεμάχοις ἐτάροισιν.
 Ὡς ἔφατ' εὐχόμενος τοῦ δ' ἔκλυε μητίετα Ζεὺς
 Τῷ δ' ἕτερον μὲν ἔδωκε πατήρ, ἕτερον δ' ἀνένευσε.”

Iliad, xvi., 249.

And Virgil—

“ Audiit, et voti Phœbus succedere partem
 Mente dedit ; partem volucres dispersit in auras.”

Æneid, xi., 794.

Page 59, line 6.—*His lover Boyle.* For “lover” in the sense of “friend,” cf. “Friends, countrymen, and lovers.”—*Julius Cæsar.*

Page 59, line 14.—*As a woman that gains a painful livelihood by spinning, &c.* Cf.—

“ Ἄλλ' ἔχον ὥστε τάλαντα γυνὴ χερνήτης ἀληθῆς
 Ἢ τε σταθμὸν ἔχουσα καὶ εἶριον, ἀμφὶς ἀνέλκει
 Ἰσάζουσ'.”

Iliad, xii., 434.

Page 60, line 7.—*Joined in their lives ; joined in their deaths.* A reference to the joint handiwork of Wotton and Bentley in the *Reflections*.

